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JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.

THE DAILY NEWS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1881.

Work, not wind, makes a city.

THE crying evil of the day is indifference to and disregard of law.

INDIANAPOLIS never had more real, solid prosperity than to-day.

THE aldermen did not act on the "re-organizing" scheme, last night. If they wish to act in the interests of law, order, decency and honesty, they will kill it.

A SMALL-GRADE Star route contractor, Buck by name, was arrested in Washington yesterday, charged with defrauding the government out of \$27,000. To follow the general run of justice, he will "catch it" to the full extent of the law, while millionaire thieves will go free.

THE president, it is stated, will not print his message in advance of its delivery to congress. In this he will do well. A president's message is not such a breathless affair as to require advance sheets for momentary publication throughout the land. This, indeed, is a convenient thing, but it has given rise to so much fraud and downright thievery, to the disgrace of the government service and of American journalism, that it is better far to end it, and let us have our president's message a little later and by piecemeal; we can wait.

THE name of Jay Hubbell, chairman of the republican congressional committee, signed to a caucus call, is a reminder of the fact that the national republican committee was requested by the Chicago convention to meet a year from that date and determine a method for choosing the delegates to the convention of 1884 and to issue a call therefor. The time is now nearly six months over due. Why this delay? Is it part of a definite purpose to leave the unit rule unsettled and open for another fight in the coming convention, in which packed delegations may be more successful than in the last one?

THE tariff convention now assembled in New York, numbers 800 delegates, from all parts of the country, and the amount of demagoguery evolved, will make a political campaign respectable. One is tempted to exclaim: "Oh, protection, what crimes are committed in thy name!" While we have an enormous revenue to raise none will dispute the wisdom of raising part of it from duties, and while this must be so, to levy those duties so that they will incidentally protect American labor, is not merely patriotic but common sense. When, however, duties are levied primarily for protection, that is simply another word for prohibition. The monopolist manufacturer is subsidized at the expense of every consumer in the country. Then it is not labor that is protected, but monopoly that is fostered. Of such are

the duties on steel rails, matches, and formerly quinine, woolen blankets, and so on, for a list as long as the iniquities of the Pharisees.

THE action of the board of aldermen last night on the question of taxing private corporations that use public conveniences for their own profit, is the recognition of a sound principle of government. Tax specially every thing that makes profit of special expense or inconvenience to the city. Tax saloons, street railways, telephone and telegraph companies, gas and water companies, railroad tracks, for every one in some part or other of its operations benefits itself by serious annoyance, sometimes danger, always expense to the citizen. The underground companies tear up the streets and leave gaps that have often done mischief. The railroads, street and steam, obstruct the streets both in construction and use. Telegraph and other electric wires disgrace the streets wherever they run, and they obstruct necessary work at fires at times. What reason is there for exempting them? They pay a tax on the value of their property, to be sure, but so does every citizen who never bothers anybody's use of the streets, or any other public convenience. There is no equality of obligation between the unobstructing citizen and the perpetually obstructing company. The latter by making itself an annoyance all the time is enabled to make money. Without being an annoyance it couldn't exist. Is it fair to set a constant obstruction and trouble on the same level of taxation as the property or person that never offends? Especially is it fair when this very obstruction is the means of profit to the owner? Let the council follow the board now, and both carry the wholesome principle recognized last night into every class of property or public use that makes profit or special expense or trouble to the community.

"Strangulatus pro Republica." The December number of Scribner contains the fac-simile of an autograph written by General Garfield on his bed of sickness on the 17th of July. He was handed a "clipp" of paper, and he wrote with a pencil:

James A. Garfield.
Strangulatus pro Republica.
The editor of Scribner says that the most diligent search has failed to discover an earlier use of the Latin phrase. Perhaps some college boys may be able to trace it in their text books. It is more natural to believe that General Garfield on that occasion recalled a phrase from his student life than that he constructed one in Latin to foretell his own sad fate—"Slaughtered for the republic." We have to hear from the students of some of the western universities on this curious and interesting question. Can any one tell us where the phrase occurs?

For convenience we copy the above from an exchange. We repeat its suggestion. It would be a good thing for our college students to organize a hunt for the phrase. Who first said, "Strangulatus pro Republica"? In attempting to answer this question, we would also urge upon the attention of the young students something in connection with it. The murdered Garfield used the phrase whether he quoted it or coined it. Why did he use it? Unquestionably because it expressed his idea of the cause of his assassination—"Slaughtered for the Republic." Why was he slaughtered for the republic? There, young men, is a subject for your meditation and debate! He certainly was not slaughtered for himself. We do not need the testimony of the assassin to know that he was void of offence toward him. Had it been any one else than James A. Garfield, who, at the time, stood in his place, the act would have been the same. Clearly then he was slaughtered for the Republic. He did not seek his fate any more than Lincoln. It came to both of them while they, unthinking and not fearing for it, were in the line of the discharge of their duty. It is plain then that Garfield was as clearly a martyr as Lincoln was. To what was he a martyr? Think of it, young men—you who, in a few years, will be the hope of the republic.

Recall that he did not fall as Lincoln did, the victim to a time of disorder and as a logical outcome of the stress and strife of a war waged for a certain purpose. He fell in a time of utter peace and phenomenal prosperity. His death was not the result of a violent wrenching from the orderly workings of our institutions. He fell at the hand of one of those Huns or Vandals whom Macaulay predicted would be generated within and by our own institutions. The orderly workings of American political institutions to-day are the possession of the civil offices of the government by that party which has a majority at the polls—not primarily to administer those offices for the transaction of the necessary business of the people which taxes, finances, commerce and other vast concerns demand, but as rewards to be bestowed upon persons who have aided, or who can allege with sufficient force that they have aided in obtaining that majority at the polls. The controlling idea of American politics to-day is, "To the victors belong the spoils." Who were the victors of the last contest? Conkling declared he was one, of the whole clamorous horde of office seekers who made Garfield's life a burden, each declared in fierce rivalry that he was a victor entitled to a share of the spoils, and each named the share he thought he was entitled to. As Secretary Blaine said the other day at the Guiteau trial, Guiteau was simply one of forty each alike, persistent and alike doomed to disappointment. There was nothing peculiar in his case. Some of the disappointed ones seek the seclusion of private life with curses loud and deep, and with a will that it is, "the last thing they will ever do for the party," and with bitter personal enmity against him who has been made for the time being, by our institutions, the purveyor of the spoils; each seeks to force his reward by all the resources he can command.

Generally speaking, they are not such as

attract much public attention. In Conkling's case, however, as senator they were conspicuous and he used them to the last one; drained every resource; he staked his all, albeit he finally lost. Guiteau had nothing more than the ordinary resources of the average disappointed, of whom he was one according to Secretary Blaine's testimony. But all men can murder. No life is safe against a man who cares nothing for his own. "Therefore," some may say, "this was simple murder liable to happen under any institutions, as witness the assassinations of kings and emperors." By no means. This murder was simply, directly and solely, not the result of enmity against the man, not the result of disorder or the expression of a power beaten in warring for its existence, as Lincoln was the victim of slavery. It was not the product of tyrannical or oppressive government, and in any case an American president would be the least responsible for the government. It was the protest of a spoils-seeker who had not been rewarded. It was his revenge, not against the man, but against the disposer of the spoils for not apportioning them rightly—and each man is his own judge of what right apportionment is. The whole thing was the direct, orderly, logical result of our institutions as they stand, and the same may happen at any time. "Strangulatus pro republica," should be written on Garfield's tomb. How many such lives is this republic worth? standing to-day, as we, the people, for whom it was made, have permitted politicians to fashion it, with that bid for all that is unprincipled, corrupt, and for self alone graven across its front, "To the victors belong the spoils."

SCRAPS.

Quails are scarce in Jersey. Hundreds of our velocipedes are shipped to Australia.

Logan, the great Indian Mingo chief, died November 28, 1881.

It is said that General Burnside's estate will hardly pay his debts.

The American Book Exchange of New York is financially embarrassed.

There are at present twenty-five places of theatrical amusement open in New York.

Three million dollars worth of new Minneapolis buildings will be put up next year.

Senator Gerro-Gordo Williams, of Kentucky, will not be a candidate for re-election.

Semper idem (always the same) was first used as the motto of the arms of England in 1702.

The bonded debt of St. Louis, in round numbers, is \$22,400,000; floating debt, \$800,000.

People do not need to know more about virtue, but rather to practice what they already know.

Mr. William D. Howells is reported to be ill. All of a nervous malady at his home in Belmont, Mass., the result of overwork.

An honest Illinoisian, when asked if he had a pleasant time at the picnic, replied: "I'll not deavie ye, sorr; it was a dull time: sorn a black eye on the ground till after 3 o'clock."

A company has been organized in Philadelphia which expects to run street cars with springs to be wound up at the end of the route as a watch is wound.

One of the paragraphs has discovered that, as a three-wheeled vehicle is a tricycle, a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, a wheel-barrow must be an icicle.

The Maltese are protesting against having the English language forced upon them. A petition against this, signed by fifteen thousand persons, is to be sent to Queen Victoria.

"Who wrote the book of James, in the New Testament?" asked a Sunday school teacher in a Missouri village; and a little fellow at the foot of the class shouted: "The James boys!"

The maddest man around these parts is the individual that goes to the closet for his overcoats and discovers that his wife gave them to the hired man last summer to work up into pump suckers.—Puck.

Thomas W. Field, for several years superintendent of public instruction in the city of Louisville, died at his residence in Williamsburg, Friday. He was the author of several literary productions.

The duke of Norfolk went to Lourdes on a pilgrimage with his blind boy, in the reverent hope that a miracle would restore his sight. He has returned to England, and no improvement visible in the condition of the child.

Col. Rockwell, it is said, is the only person who actually saw both of the assassinated presidents die. He was detailed by President Grant to accompany the body of Lincoln to the house where he was lying, and witnessed the death struggle next morning.

There is a curious old Roman superstition that three cardinals always die nearly together. So, now that Cardinals Caturani and Gibelli have gone, it is expected that each other, Roman society is confidently expecting the departure of one of three other cardinals who are dangerously ill.

Mrs. Garfield will soon receive from the Women's Silk Culture association the first dress every part of which, from eggs to finished fabric, has been produced in this country. The silk has just been reeled by the members of the association, and is said to be equal to the best Italian silk.

Mr. Penan in these days looks like a comfortable French priest, an occupant of some quiet village pulpit. His face is round, and would be coarse were it not for the noble brow and thoughtful searching eyes. He is a sunnier, thicker, more clumsy, and looks as if he liked the good things of this earth.

Secretary Blaine's mother and Mrs. General Sherman's mother were sisters, and these two cousins have always been the truest friends of each other. Their Washington residences almost adjoin, and they are living to see the same affections existing between their children, as each year knits more firmly the ties of their childhood.

Franklin Broillard, of Baltimore, was engaged to be married to a girl of that city twenty years ago, but went to war and was reported killed. The girl then married Mr. Reeder, when Broillard returned, sorrowfully told Mr. Reeder's wife, and went to Carroll, Mo., where he waited for Mr. Reeder to die, so that his claims might be attended to. Mr. Reeder, however, was in no hurry and only died recently, hearing of which Broillard wrote, asking if Mr. Reeder would now become his wife, and inclosing money to bring her children with her, if she would. She would.

On her deathbed at Santa Barbara, California, twenty years ago, Mrs. Blanco gave \$20,000 in trust to her most intimate friend, Mrs. Del Valle, charging her solemnly to keep its possession a secret until Mrs. Blanco, then a baby, became 21. Mrs. Blanco died with the secret in her mind, and died satisfied that her daughter would receive the treasure, which was in the form of diamonds. Miss Blanco was recently married on her twenty-first birthday, and among the wedding presents were two jewels. Mrs. Del Valle had kept the secret from even her husband.

Mr. Preston Powers has recently finished at his studio in Florence an ideal bust in clay of which a correspondent says: "The subject is from Gray's 'Elegy'—a peasant girl, with a happy, smiling countenance, and with pure and classic features, which together with a fine expression, constitute that noble and refined beauty sometimes met with in the lowest walks of life. Her simple chemise unbuttoned and thrown back, displays a handsome throat. The lower part of the bust is ornamented with violets, and beneath is a scroll on which is inscribed in gilt text the appropriate verse: 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

"I had a fall from a ladder and sprained my wrist so badly," says A. B. Palmer, of Cumberland Court house, Va., "that I lost all use of my arm. I procured a bottle of the St. Jacobs Oil, and, after rubbing my arm with it, I obtained immediate relief. I used it likewise for neuralgia, and find it also effective for burns, bruises, etc."

A Good Law. "It is a crime in Georgia to point a gun or pistol at another in fun or malice, whether the weapon is loaded or not."

A New Crime. "Cigar smoke puffed in one man's face by another man in assault and battery," says a New York judge.

Common as Perpetual Motion. Over two thousand car couplings have been patented in twenty years.

The Fashionable Colors. Worth's best combination of hues just now is brown with green.

The Christmas Preparation. Toy manufacturers are running dry and night, yet can't fill orders.

The Priest's Heart.

It was St. John, the fair young priest. He was up of stairs.

But seven ash maidens he left behind. All dancing hand in hand.

He came to the wise old woman's house: "Now, mother, to prove your art: To charm May Carleton's heart with blue eyes Of a young man's heart."

"My son, you went for a holy man. Whose heart was set on high? To charm May Carleton's heart with blue eyes? Man's love flees lightly by."

"I had never to talk with May Carleton. Than with all the saints in heaven; I had never to sit by May Carleton. Than to climb the spheres seven."

"I have watched and fasted, early and late. I have prayed to all above; But I find no cure save churchyard mould. For the pain which men call love."

"Now, heaven forbid that ill grow worse. Enough that I'll be ill; I know of naught to draw May Carleton, And bend her to your will."

"If thou didst that which thou canst not do, Wise woman though thou be, I would run and meet till I landed myself In the surge of yonder sea."

"Senseless for me are maid and wife, And senseless shall they bide; Yet charm me May Carleton's eyes from the That aches in my left side."

She charmed him with the white wither, She charmed him with the black; But turned his fair young face to the wall, Till she heard his heartbeats crack.—Charles Kingsley.

AMUSEMENTS.

TWELVE JOLLY BACHELORS. This new opera was played at Dickson's for the first time in this city last night. The music is light and sparkling for the most part, but shows crudeness and commonplace methods in many places. The libretto seldom rises above the average of its class, and will admit of careful pruning and reconstruction. The principal characters were well taken. Miss Jeanne Winston as the chief of the bachelors was dashing and piquant as ever, and sang with a spirit that earned an encore to all her principal numbers. Miss Amy Gordon as "Ladelle" made a decidedly fine impression, and was frequently recalled. The other leading parts were not exceptionally well done, and some were even marred by acting. The scenery was beautiful and appropriate. The orchestra was not well handled, but further rehearsal will probably remedy this defect. The audience was quite large, and the frequent applause showed that it was well pleased. The "Twelve Jolly Bachelors" will be repeated three nights more and a matinee.

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THE LYRA. Miss Nannie Schull (with violin obligato by Mr. Rignold) and Mrs. Barneier will sing solos at Mozart hall to-night, two male choruses will be sung by the Lyra. Miss Crossland will play a piano solo, and music of the orchestra and dancing will complete the entertainment.

An Orphan Who Kept His Word. [New York special.] Many years ago an orphan boy was taken from the house of refuge in New York to work for a Paterson farmer. After awhile he complained that he was overworked and beaten, and at last he ran away, telling the neighbors when he went that he intended to come back again when a man and "square off" with his unkind employer.

On Thanksgiving day a stalwart young man called upon the farmer and announced that he was the identical "orphan," and that he had come to "square off" with him, which he proceeded to do in the most emphatic style, giving the man a sound thrashing. His wife came to the rescue, but the young man also "squared off" with her, and when a big dog was set on him, he polished off the dog, too. He then announced that their accounts were all "squared off," and he would return to his western home, whence he had come expressly for the purpose of fulfilling his threat made when a boy, and before a warrant could be issued for his arrest he was many miles away.

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60 Dozen Ladies' Fine Merino Underwear at 75c, worth 85c.
60 Dozen Children's Merino Underwear at 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, and 85c, according to size.
40 Dozen Men's Scarlet Wool Underwear at \$1. worth \$1.25.
200 Dozen Children's Wool Hose, neat styles, at 12 1/2c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 18c and 20c, according to size.
100 Dozen Ladies' Wool Hose at 25c.
60 Dozen Fine-Lined Silk Gloves at 25c each. Cheapest Winter Glove ever sold in this city.

JUST OPENED, A LARGE STOCK OF Hoods, Mitts, Ulsters, Leggings.

200 Dozen New Kid Gloves, Laced and Buttoned.

A. DICKSON & CO.,
TRADE PALACE.

Pirates of Penzance!

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"COPS."

From the Peanut, Brier Hill and Bartlett Mines. No better in the Market, at G. R. ROOT'S, corner of Market and Delaware streets and 121 South Meridian street.

